

# LITTLE BLUE ANEW: *FAIRYTALES*



## THE MERMAID AND THE BOY

### Lappländische Mährchen

Long, long ago, there lived a king who ruled over a country by the sea. When he had been married about a year, some of his subjects, inhabiting a distant group of islands, revolted against his laws, and it became needful for him to leave his wife and go in person to settle their disputes. The queen feared that some ill would come of it, and implored him to stay at home, but he told her that nobody could do his work for him, and the next morning the sails were spread, and the king started on his voyage.

The vessel had not gone very far when she ran upon a rock, and stuck so fast in a cleft that the strength of the whole crew could not get her off again. To make matters worse, the wind was rising too, and it was quite plain that in a few hours the ship would be dashed to pieces and everybody would be drowned, when suddenly the form of a mermaid was seen dancing on the waves which threatened every moment to overwhelm them.

‘There is only one way to free yourselves,’ she said to the king, bobbing up and down in the water as she spoke, ‘and that is to give me your solemn word that you will deliver to me the first child that is born to you.’

The king hesitated at this proposal. He hoped that some day he might have children in his home, and the thought that he must yield up the heir to his crown was very bitter to him; but just then a huge wave broke with great force on the ship’s side, and his men fell on their knees and entreated him to save them.

So he promised, and this time a wave lifted the vessel clean off the rocks, and she was in the open sea once more.

The affairs of the islands took longer to settle than the king had expected, and some months passed away before he returned to his palace.

In his absence a son had been born to him, and so great was his joy that he quite forgot the mermaid and the price he had paid for the safety of his ship. But as the years went on, and the baby grew into a fine big boy, the remembrance of it came back, and one day he told the queen the whole story. From that moment the happiness of both their lives was ruined. Every night they went to bed wondering if they should find his room empty in the morning, and every day they kept him by their sides, expecting him to be snatched away before their very eyes.

At last the king felt that this state of things could not continue, and he said to his wife:

‘After all, the most foolish thing in the world one can do is to keep the boy here in exactly the place in which the mermaid will seek him. Let us give him food and send him on his travels, and perhaps, if the

mermaid ever blocs come to seek him, she may be content with some other child.' And the queen agreed that his plan seemed the wisest.

So the boy was called, and his father told him the story of the voyage, as he had told his mother before him. The prince listened eagerly, and was delighted to think that he was to go away all by himself to see the world, and was not in the least frightened; for though he was now sixteen, he had scarcely been allowed to walk alone beyond the palace gardens. He began busily to make his preparations, and took off his smart velvet coat, putting on instead one of green cloth, while he refused a beautiful bag which the queen offered him to hold his food, and slung a leather knapsack over his shoulders instead, just as he had seen other travellers do. Then he bade farewell to his parents and went his way.

All through the day he walked, watching with interest the strange birds and animals that darted across his path in the forest or peeped at him from behind a bush. But as evening drew on he became tired, and looked about as he walked for some place where he could sleep. At length he reached a soft mossy bank under a tree, and was just about to stretch himself out on it, when a fearful roar made him start and tremble all over. In another moment something passed swiftly through the air and a lion stood before him.

'What are you doing here?' asked the lion, his eyes glaring fiercely at the boy.

'I am flying from the mermaid,' the prince answered, in a quaking voice.

'Give me some food then,' said the lion, 'it is past my supper time, and I am very hungry.'

The boy was so thankful that the lion did not want to eat him, that he gladly picked up his knapsack which lay on the ground, and held out some bread and a flask of wine.

'I feel better now,' said the lion when he had done, 'so now I shall go to sleep on this nice soft moss, and if you like you can lie down beside me.' So the boy and the lion slept soundly side by side, till the sun rose.

'I must be off now,' remarked the lion, shaking the boy as he spoke; 'but cut off the tip of my ear, and keep it carefully, and if you are in any danger just wish yourself a lion and you will become one on the spot. One good turn deserves another, you know.'

The prince thanked him for his kindness, and did as he was bid, and the two then bade each other farewell.

'I wonder how it feels to be a lion,' thought the boy, after he had gone a little way; and he took out the tip of the ear from the breast of his jacket and wished with all his might. In an instant his head had swollen to several times its usual size, and his neck seemed very hot and heavy; and, somehow, his hands became paws, and his skin grew hairy and yellow.

But what pleased him most was his long tail with a tuft at the end, which he lashed and switched proudly. 'I like being a lion very much,' he said to himself, and trotted gaily along the road.

After a while, however, he got tired of walking in this unaccustomed way--it made his back ache and his front paws felt sore. So he wished himself a boy again, and in the twinkling of an eye his tail disappeared and his head shrank, and the long thick mane became short and curly. Then he looked out for a sleeping place, and found some dry ferns, which

he gathered and heaped up.

But before he had time to close his eyes there was a great noise in the trees near by, as if a big heavy body was crashing through them. The boy rose and turned his head, and saw a huge black bear coming towards him.

‘What are you doing here?’ cried the bear.

‘I am running away from the mermaid,’ answered the boy; but the bear took no interest in the mermaid, and only said: ‘I am hungry; give me something to eat.’

The knapsack was lying on the ground among the fern, but the prince picked it up, and, unfastening the strap, took out his second flask of wine and another loaf of bread. ‘We will have supper together,’ he remarked politely; but the bear, who had never been taught manners, made

no reply, and ate as fast as he could. When he had quite finished, he got up and stretched himself.

‘You have got a comfortable-looking bed there,’ he observed. ‘I really think that, bad sleeper as I am, I might have a good night on it. I can manage to squeeze you in,’ he added; ‘you don’t take up a great deal of room.’ The boy was rather indignant at the bear’s cool way of talking; but as he was too tired to gather more fern, they lay down side by side, and never stirred till sunrise next morning.

‘I must go now,’ said the bear, pulling the sleepy prince on to his feet; ‘but first you shall cut off the tip of my ear, and when you are in any danger just wish yourself a bear and you will become one. One good turn deserves another, you know.’ And the boy did as he was bid,

and he and the bear bade each other farewell.

'I wonder how it feels to be a bear,' thought he to himself when he had walked a little way; and he took out the tip from the breast of his coat and wished hard that he might become a bear. The next moment his body

stretched out and thick black fur covered him all over. As before, his hands were changed into paws, but when he tried to switch his tail he found to his disgust that it would not go any distance. 'Why it is hardly worth calling a tail!' said he. For the rest of the day he remained a bear and continued his journey, but as evening came on the bear-skin, which had been so useful when plunging through brambles in the forest, felt rather heavy, and he wished himself a boy again. He was too much exhausted to take the trouble of cutting any fern or seeking for moss, but just threw himself down under a tree, when exactly above his head he heard a great buzzing as a bumble-bee alighted on a honeysuckle branch. 'What are you doing here?' asked the bee in a cross voice; 'at your age you ought to be safe at home.'

'I am running away from the mermaid,' replied the boy; but the bee, like the lion and the bear, was one of those people who never listen to the answers to their questions, and only said: 'I am hungry. Give me something to eat.'

The boy took his last loaf and flask out of his knapsack and laid them on the ground, and they had supper together. 'Well, now I am going to sleep,' observed the bee when the last crumb was gone, 'but as you are not very big I can make room for you beside me,' and he curled up his wings, and tucked in his legs, and he and the prince both slept soundly till morning. Then the bee got up and carefully brushed every scrap of dust off his velvet coat and buzzed loudly in the boy's ear to waken him.

‘Take a single hair from one of my wings,’ said he, ‘and if you are in danger just wish yourself a bee and you will become one. One good turn deserves another, so farewell, and thank you for your supper.’ And the bee departed after the boy had pulled out the hair and wrapped it carefully in a leaf.

‘It must feel quite different to be a bee from what it does to be a lion or bear,’ thought the boy to himself when he had walked for an hour or two. ‘I dare say I should get on a great deal faster,’ so he pulled out his hair and wished himself a bee.

In a moment the strangest thing happened to him. All his limbs seemed to draw together, and his body to become very short and round; his head grew quite tiny, and instead of his white skin he was covered with the richest, softest velvet. Better than all, he had two lovely gauze wings which carried him the whole day without getting tired.

Late in the afternoon the boy fancied he saw a vast heap of stones a long way off, and he flew straight towards it. But when he reached the gates he saw that it was really a great town, so he wished himself back in his own shape and entered the city.

He found the palace doors wide open and went boldly into a sort of hall which was full of people, and where men and maids were gossiping together. He joined their talk and soon learned from them that the king had only one daughter who had such a hatred to men that she would never suffer one to enter her presence. Her father was in despair, and had had pictures painted of the handsomest princes of all the courts in the world, in the hope that she might fall in love with one of them; but it was no use; the princess would not even allow the pictures to be brought into her room.

'It is late,' remarked one of the women at last; 'I must go to my mistress.' And, turning to one of the lackeys, she bade him find a bed for the youth.

'It is not necessary,' answered the prince, 'this bench is good enough for me. I am used to nothing better.' And when the hall was empty he lay down for a few minutes. But as soon as everything was quiet in the palace he took out the hair and wished himself a bee, and in this shape he flew upstairs, past the guards, and through the keyhole into the princess's chamber. Then he turned himself into a man again.

At this dreadful sight the princess, who was broad awake, began to scream loudly. 'A man! a man!' cried she; but when the guards rushed in there was only a bumble-bee buzzing about the room. They looked under the bed, and behind the curtains, and into the cupboards, then came to the conclusion that the princess had had a bad dream, and bowed themselves out. The door had scarcely closed on them than the bee disappeared, and a handsome youth stood in his place.

'I knew a man was hidden somewhere,' cried the princess, and screamed more loudly than before. Her shrieks brought back the guards, but though they looked in all kinds of impossible places no man was to be seen, and so they told the princess.

'He was here a moment ago--I saw him with my own eyes,' and the guards dared not contradict her, though they shook their heads and whispered to each other that the princess had gone mad on this subject, and saw a man in every table and chair. And they made up their minds that--let her scream as loudly as she might--they would take no notice.



Now the princess saw clearly what they were thinking, and that in future her guards would give her no help, and would perhaps, besides, tell some

stories about her to the king, who would shut her up in a lonely tower and prevent her walking in the gardens among her birds and flowers. So when, for the third time, she beheld the prince standing before her, she did not scream but sat up in bed gazing at him in silent terror.

‘Do not be afraid,’ he said, ‘I shall not hurt you’; and he began to praise her gardens, of which he had heard the servants speak, and the birds and flowers which she loved, till the princess’s anger softened, and she answered him with gentle words. Indeed, they soon became so friendly that she vowed she would marry no one else, and confided to him that in three days her father would be off to the wars, leaving his sword in her room. If any man could find it and bring it to him he would receive her hand as a reward. At this point a cock crew, and the youth jumped up hastily saying: ‘Of course I shall ride with the king to the war, and if I do not return, take your violin every evening to the seashore and play on it, so that the very sea-kobolds who live at the bottom of the ocean may hear it and come to you.’

Just as the princess had foretold, in three days the king set out for the war with a large following, and among them was the young prince, who

had presented himself at court as a young noble in search of adventures.

They had left the city many miles behind them, when the king suddenly discovered that he had forgotten his sword, and though all his attendants instantly offered theirs, he declared that he could fight with none but his own.

‘The first man who brings it to me from my daughter’s room,’ cried he, ‘shall not only have her to wife, but after my death shall reign in my

stead.'

At this the Red Knight, the young prince, and several more turned their horses to ride as fast as the wind back to the palace. But suddenly a better plan entered the prince's head, and, letting the others pass him, he took his precious parcel from his breast and wished himself a lion. Then on he bounded, uttering such dreadful roars that the horses were frightened and grew unmanageable, and he easily outstripped them, and soon reached the gates of the palace. Here he hastily changed himself into a bee, and flew straight into the princess's room, where he became a man again. She showed him where the sword hung concealed behind a curtain, and he took it down, saying as he did so: 'Be sure not to forget what you have promised to do.'

The princess made no reply, but smiled sweetly, and slipping a golden ring from her finger she broke it in two and held half out silently to the prince, while the other half she put in her own pocket. He kissed it, and ran down the stairs bearing the sword with him. Some way off he met the Red Knight and the rest, and the Red Knight at first tried to take the sword from him by force. But as the youth proved too strong for him, he gave it up, and resolved to wait for a better opportunity.

This soon came, for the day was hot and the prince was thirsty. Perceiving a little stream that ran into the sea, he turned aside, and, unbuckling the sword, flung himself on the ground for a long drink. Unluckily, the mermaid happened at that moment to be floating on the water not very far off, and knew he was the boy who had been given her before he was born. So she floated gently in to where he was lying, she seized him by the arm, and the waves closed over them both. Hardly had they disappeared, when the Red Knight stole cautiously up, and could hardly believe his eyes when he saw the king's sword on the bank. He wondered what had become of the youth, who an hour before had guarded

his treasure so fiercely; but, after all, that was no affair of his! So, fastening the sword to his belt, he carried it to the king.

The war was soon over, and the king returned to his people, who welcomed him with shouts of joy. But when the princess from her window saw that her betrothed was not among the attendants riding behind her father, her heart sank, for she knew that some evil must have befallen him, and she feared the Red Knight. She had long ago learned how clever and how wicked he was, and something whispered to her that it was he who would gain the credit of having carried back the sword, and would claim her as his bride, though he had never even entered her chamber. And she could do nothing; for although the king loved her, he never let her stand in the way of his plans.

The poor princess was only too right, and everything came to pass exactly as she had foreseen it. The king told her that the Red Knight had won her fairly, and that the wedding would take place next day, and there would be a great feast after it.

In those days feasts were much longer and more splendid than they are now; and it was growing dark when the princess, tired out with all she had gone through, stole up to her own room for a little quiet. But the moon was shining so brightly over the sea that it seemed to draw her towards it, and taking her violin under her arm, she crept down to the shore.

‘Listen! listen! said the mermaid to the prince, who was lying stretched on a bed of seaweeds at the bottom of the sea. ‘Listen! that is your old love playing, for mermaids know everything that happens upon earth.’

'I hear nothing,' answered the youth, who did not look happy. 'Take me up higher, where the sounds can reach me.'

So the mermaid took him on her shoulders and bore him up midway to the surface. 'Can you hear now?' she asked.

'No,' answered the prince, 'I hear nothing but the water rushing; I must go higher still.'

Then the mermaid carried him to the very top. 'You must surely be able to hear now?' said she.

'Nothing but the water,' repeated the youth. So she took him right to the land.

'At any rate you can hear now?' she said again.

'The water is still rushing in my ears,' answered he; 'but wait a little, that will soon pass off.' And as he spoke he put his hand into his breast, and seizing the hair wished himself a bee, and flew straight into the pocket of the princess. The mermaid looked in vain for him, and coated all night upon the sea; but he never came back, and never more did he gladden her eyes. But the princess felt that something strange was about her, though she knew not what, and returned quickly to the palace, where the young man at once resumed his own shape. Oh, what joy filled her heart at the sight of him! But there was no time to be lost, and she led him right into the hall, where the king and his nobles were still sitting at the feast. 'Here is a man who boasts that he can do wonderful tricks,' said she, 'better even than the Red Knight's! That cannot be true, of course, but it might be well to give this impostor a lesson. He pretends, for instance, that he can turn himself into a

lion; but that I do not believe. I know that you have studied the art of magic,' she went on, turning to the Red Knight, 'so suppose you just show him how it is done, and bring shame upon him.'

Now the Red Knight had never opened a book of magic in his life; but he was accustomed to think that he could do everything better than other people without any teaching at all. So he turned and twisted himself about, and bellowed and made faces; but he did not become a lion for all that.

'Well, perhaps it is very difficult to change into a lion. Make yourself a bear,' said the princess. But the Red Knight found it no easier to become a bear than a lion.

'Try a bee,' suggested she. 'I have always read that anyone who can do magic at all can do that.' And the old knight buzzed and hummed, but he remained a man and not a bee.

'Now it is your turn,' said the princess to the youth. 'Let us see if you can change yourself into a lion.' And in a moment such a fierce creature stood before them, that all the guests rushed out of the hall, treading each other underfoot in their fright. The lion sprang at the Red Knight, and would have torn him in pieces had not the princess held him back, and bidden him to change himself into a man again. And in a second a man took the place of the lion.

'Now become a bear,' said she; and a bear advanced panting and stretching out his arms to the Red Knight, who shrank behind the princess.

By this time some of the guests had regained their courage, and returned as far as the door, thinking that if it was safe for the princess

perhaps it was safe for them. The king, who was braver than they, and felt it needful to set them a good example besides, had never left his seat, and when at a new command of the princess the bear once more turned into a man, he was silent from astonishment, and a suspicion of the truth began to dawn on him. 'Was it he who fetched the sword?' asked the king.

'Yes, it was,' answered the princess; and she told him the whole story, and how she had broken her gold ring and given him half of it. And the prince took out his half of the ring, and the princess took out hers, and they fitted exactly. Next day the Red Knight was hanged, as he richly deserved, and there was a new marriage feast for the prince and princess.

from the Project Gutenberg etext of *The Brown Fairy Book*, by Andrew Lang

---

## THE CROW AND THE DAYLIGHT

Long, long ago, when the world was new, there was no daylight in Alaska.

It was dark all the time, and the people in Alaska were living in the dark, just doing the best they could. They used to quarrel about whether it was day or night. Half of the people slept while the other half worked; in fact, no one really knew when it was time to go to bed, or if in bed when to get up, because it was dark all of the time.

In one village lived a crow. The people liked this crow because they thought him very wise; in fact he told them so himself; so they let him live in their kasga.

The crow used to talk a lot too, and tell of all the wonderful things he had seen and done, when he had spread his wings and flown away on his long journeys to distant lands.

The people of Alaska had no light but the flame of their seal-oil lamps.

One evening the crow seemed very sad and did not speak at all. The people wondered what was the matter, and felt sad too because they missed their lively crow, so they asked him: "Crow, what makes you so sad?"

"I am sorry for the people of Alaska," said the crow, "because they have no daylight."

"What is daylight?" said they. "What is it like? We have never heard of daylight."

"Well," said the crow, "if you had daylight in Alaska you could go everywhere and see everything, even animals from far away."

This seemed very wonderful to them all, and they asked the crow if he would try to get them that "daylight."

At first the crow refused all their entreaties. "I know where it is," said he, "but it would be too hard for me to get it here."

Then they all crowded around and begged him to go to the place where daylight was and bring them some.

Still the crow refused, and said he could not possibly get that light; but they coaxed him nicely, and the chief said, "O Crow, you are so clever and so brave, we know you can do that."

At last the crow said, "Very well, I will go."

The next day he started on his journey. Of course it was dark, but it was not stormy, and when he had said goodbye to all the people he spread his wings and flew away toward the East, for the sun comes from the East.

He flew on and on in the dark, until his wings ached and he was very tired, but he never stopped.

After many days he began to see a little bit, dimly at first, then more and more, until the sky was flooded with light.

Perching on the branch of a tree to rest, he looked about him to see if he could find where the light came from. At last he saw that it was shining from a big snow house in a village nearby.

Now in that snow house lived the chief of the village, and that chief had a daughter who was very beautiful. This daughter came out of the house every day to fetch water from the ice hole in the river; which is the only way the Eskimos can get fresh water in winter. After she had come out, the crow slipped off his skin and hid it in the entrance of the house; then he covered himself with dust, and said some magic words, which sounded something like this:

"Ya-ka-ty, ta-ka-ty, na-ka-ty-O.  
Make me little that I won't show.  
Only a tiny speck of dust,  
No one will notice me, I trust."



Then he hid on a sunbeam in a crack near the door, and waited for the chief's daughter.

When she had filled her seal-skin water-bag, she came back from the river, and the crow, who looked like nothing but a speck of dust floating on the sunbeam, lighted on her dress and passed with her through the door into the house where the daylight came from.

[Illustration: "At last he saw that it was shining from a big snow house"]

Inside, the place was very bright and sunny, and there was a dear little dark-eyed baby playing on the floor, on the skin of a polar bear which had recently been killed.

That baby had a lot of little toys, carved out of walrus ivory. There were tiny dogs and foxes, and little walrus heads, and kayaks (Eskimo canoes). He kept putting the toys into an ivory box with a cover, then spilling them out again.

The chief was watching the baby very proudly, but the little one did not seem satisfied with his toys.

When the chief's daughter came in she stooped to pick the baby from the floor, and a little speck of dust drifted from her dress to the baby's ear. The dust was the crow, of course.

The baby began to cry and fuss, and the chief said, "What you want?" and the crow whispered into his ear, "Ask for the daylight to play with."

The baby asked for the daylight, and the chief told his daughter to give the baby a small, round daylight to play with.

The woman unwound the rawhide string from his hunting bag and took out a small wooden chest covered with pictures, which told the story of the brave things the chief had done. From the chest she took a shining ball, and gave it to the child.

The baby liked the shining ball, and played with it a long time; but the crow wanted to get that daylight, so he whispered in the little one's ear to ask for a string to tie to his ball. They gave him a string, and tied the daylight to it for him; then the chief and his daughter went out, leaving the door open behind them, much to the delight of Crow, who was waiting for just that chance.

When the little boy got near to the door in his play, the crow whispered again in his ear, and told him to creep out into the entrance with his daylight.

The baby did as the crow told him, and as he passed the spot where the crow's skin was hidden, the speck of dust slipped out of the child's ear, back into the crow's skin and the crow was himself again. Seizing the end of the string in his beak, away flew Mr. Crow, leaving the howling baby on the ground.

The child's cries brought the chief and his daughter and all the people of the village rushing to the spot; and they saw the crow flying away with their precious daylight.

In vain they tried to reach him with their arrows, but he was too quickly out of sight.

When the crow came near the land of Alaska he thought he would try the

daylight to see how it worked, so when he passed over the first dark village, he scratched a little bit of the brightness off, and it fell on the village and lighted it up beautifully. Then every village he came to he did the same thing, until at last he reached his home village, where he had started from. Hovering over it, he shattered the daylight into little bits, and scattered them far and wide.

The people greeted him with shouts of delight. They were so happy they danced and sang, and prepared a great feast in his honor. They were so grateful to him they couldn't thank him enough for bringing that daylight.

The crow told them that if he had taken the big daylight, it would never be dark in Alaska, even in winter, but he said that the big daylight would have been too heavy for him to carry.

The people have always been thankful to the crow since then, and never try to kill him.

from The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Animal Stories from Eskimo Land*, by Renée Coudert Riggs

---

## THE FROG-PRINCE

One fine evening a young princess put on her bonnet and clogs, and went out to take a walk by herself in a wood; and when she came to a cool spring of water, that rose in the midst of it, she sat herself down to rest a while. Now she had a golden ball in her hand, which was her favourite plaything; and she was always tossing it up into the air, and catching it again as it fell. After a time she threw it up so high that she missed catching it as it fell; and the ball bounded away, and rolled along upon the ground, till at last it fell down into the spring. The princess looked into the spring after her ball, but it was very deep, so

deep that she could not see the bottom of it. Then she began to bewail her loss, and said, 'Alas! if I could only get my ball again, I would give all my fine clothes and jewels, and everything that I have in the world.'

Whilst she was speaking, a frog put its head out of the water, and said, 'Princess, why do you weep so bitterly?' 'Alas!' said she, 'what can you do for me, you nasty frog? My golden ball has fallen into the spring.' The frog said, 'I want not your pearls, and jewels, and fine clothes; but if you will love me, and let me live with you and eat from off your golden plate, and sleep upon your bed, I will bring you your ball again.' 'What nonsense,' thought the princess, 'this silly frog is talking! He can never even get out of the spring to visit me, though he may be able to get my ball for me, and therefore I will tell him he shall have what he asks.' So she said to the frog, 'Well, if you will bring me my ball, I will do all you ask.' Then the frog put his head down, and dived deep under the water; and after a little while he came up again, with the ball in his mouth, and threw it on the edge of the spring. As soon as the young princess saw her ball, she ran to pick it up; and she was so overjoyed to have it in her hand again, that she never thought of the frog, but ran home with it as fast as she could. The frog called after her, 'Stay, princess, and take me with you as you said,' But she did not stop to hear a word.

The next day, just as the princess had sat down to dinner, she heard a strange noise--tap, tap--plash, plash--as if something was coming up the marble staircase: and soon afterwards there was a gentle knock at the door, and a little voice cried out and said:

'Open the door, my princess dear,  
Open the door to thy true love here!  
And mind the words that thou and I said  
By the fountain cool, in the greenwood shade.'

Then the princess ran to the door and opened it, and there she saw the frog, whom she had quite forgotten. At this sight she was sadly frightened, and shutting the door as fast as she could came back to her seat. The king, her father, seeing that something had frightened her, asked her what was the matter. 'There is a nasty frog,' said she, 'at the door, that lifted my ball for me out of the spring this morning: I told him that he should live with me here, thinking that he could never get out of the spring; but there he is at the door, and he wants to come in.'

While she was speaking the frog knocked again at the door, and said:

'Open the door, my princess dear,  
Open the door to thy true love here!  
And mind the words that thou and I said  
By the fountain cool, in the greenwood shade.'

Then the king said to the young princess, 'As you have given your word you must keep it; so go and let him in.' She did so, and the frog hopped into the room, and then straight on--tap, tap--plash, plash--from the bottom of the room to the top, till he came up close to the table where the princess sat. 'Pray lift me upon chair,' said he to the princess, 'and let me sit next to you.' As soon as she had done this, the frog said, 'Put your plate nearer to me, that I may eat out of it.' This she did, and when he had eaten as much as he could, he said, 'Now I am tired; carry me upstairs, and put me into your bed.' And the princess, though very unwilling, took him up in her hand, and put him upon the pillow of her own bed, where he slept all night long. As soon as it was light he jumped up, hopped downstairs, and went out of the house. 'Now, then,' thought the princess, 'at last he is gone, and I shall be troubled with him no more.'

But she was mistaken; for when night came again she heard the same tapping at the door; and the frog came once more, and said:

‘Open the door, my princess dear,  
Open the door to thy true love here!  
And mind the words that thou and I said  
By the fountain cool, in the greenwood shade.’

And when the princess opened the door the frog came in, and slept upon her pillow as before, till the morning broke. And the third night he did the same. But when the princess awoke on the following morning she was astonished to see, instead of the frog, a handsome prince, gazing on her with the most beautiful eyes she had ever seen, and standing at the head of her bed.

He told her that he had been enchanted by a spiteful fairy, who had changed him into a frog; and that he had been fated so to abide till some princess should take him out of the spring, and let him eat from her plate, and sleep upon her bed for three nights. ‘You,’ said the prince, ‘have broken his cruel charm, and now I have nothing to wish for but that you should go with me into my father’s kingdom, where I will marry you, and love you as long as you live.’

The young princess, you may be sure, was not long in saying ‘Yes’ to all this; and as they spoke a gay coach drove up, with eight beautiful horses, decked with plumes of feathers and a golden harness; and behind the coach rode the prince’s servant, faithful Heinrich, who had bewailed the misfortunes of his dear master during his enchantment so long and so bitterly, that his heart had well-nigh burst.

They then took leave of the king, and got into the coach with eight horses, and all set out, full of joy and merriment, for the prince's kingdom, which they reached safely; and there they lived happily a great many years.

from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Grimms' Fairy Tales*, by The Brothers Grimm

---

## THE SHEPHERDESS AND THE SHEEP

Have you ever seen an old wooden cupboard quite black with age, and ornamented with carved foliage and curious figures? Well, just such a cupboard stood in a parlor, and had been left to the family as a legacy by the great-grandmother. It was covered from top to bottom with carved roses and tulips; the most curious scrolls were drawn upon it, and out of them peeped little stags' heads, with antlers. In the middle of the cupboard door was the carved figure of a man most ridiculous to look at. He grinned at you, for no one could call it laughing. He had goat's legs, little horns on his head, and a long beard; the children in the room always called him, "Major general-field-sergeant-commander Billy-goat's-legs." It was certainly a very difficult name to pronounce, and there are very few who ever receive such a title, but then it seemed wonderful how he came to be carved at all; yet there he was, always looking at the table under the looking-glass, where stood a very pretty little shepherdess made of china. Her shoes were gilt, and her dress had a red rose or an ornament. She wore a hat, and carried a crook, that were both gilded, and looked very bright and pretty. Close by her side stood a little chimney-sweep, as black as coal, and also made of china. He was, however, quite as clean and neat as any other china figure; he only represented a black chimney-sweep, and the china

workers might just as well have made him a prince, had they felt inclined to do so. He stood holding his ladder quite handily, and his face was as fair and rosy as a girl's; indeed, that was rather a mistake, it should have had some black marks on it. He and the shepherdess had been placed close together, side by side; and, being so placed, they became engaged to each other, for they were very well suited, being both made of the same sort of china, and being equally fragile. Close to them stood another figure, three times as large as they were, and also made of china. He was an old Chinaman, who could nod his head, and used to pretend that he was the grandfather of the shepherdess, although he could not prove it. He however assumed authority over her, and therefore when "Major-general-field-sergeant-commander Billy-goat's-legs" asked for the little shepherdess to be his wife, he nodded his head to show that he consented. "You will have a husband," said the old Chinaman to her, "who I really believe is made of mahogany. He will make you a lady of Major-general-field-sergeant-commander Billy-goat's-legs. He has the whole cupboard full of silver plate, which he keeps locked up in secret drawers."

"I won't go into the dark cupboard," said the little shepherdess. "I have heard that he has eleven china wives there already."

"Then you shall be the twelfth," said the old Chinaman.

"To-night as soon as you hear a rattling in the old cupboard, you shall be married, as true as I am a Chinaman;" and then he nodded his head and fell asleep.

Then the little shepherdess cried, and looked at her sweetheart, the china chimney-sweep. "I must entreat you," said she, "to go out with me into the wide world, for we cannot stay here."



"I will do whatever you wish," said the little chimney-sweep; "let us go immediately: I think I shall be able to maintain you with my profession."

"If we were but safely down from the table!" said she; "I shall not be happy till we are really out in the world."

Then he comforted her, and showed her how to place her little foot on the carved edge and gilt-leaf ornaments of the table. He brought his little ladder to help her, and so they contrived to reach the floor. But when they looked at the old cupboard, they saw it was all in an uproar. The carved stags pushed out their heads, raised their antlers, and twisted their necks. The major-general sprung up in the air; and cried out to the old Chinaman, "They are running away! they are running away!" The two were rather frightened at this, so they jumped into the drawer of the window-seat. Here were three or four packs of cards not quite complete, and a doll's theatre, which had been built up very neatly. A comedy was being performed in it, and all the queens of diamonds, clubs, and hearts, and spades, sat in the first row fanning themselves with tulips, and behind them stood all the knaves, showing that they had heads above and below as playing cards generally have. The play was about two lovers, who were not allowed to marry, and the shepherdess wept because it was so like her own story. "I cannot bear it," said she, "I must get out of the drawer;" but when they reached the floor, and cast their eyes on the table, there was the old Chinaman awake and shaking his whole body, till all at once down he came on the floor, "plump." "The old Chinaman is coming," cried the little shepherdess in a fright, and down she fell on one knee.

"I have thought of something," said the chimney-sweep; "let us get into the great pot-pourri jar which stands in the corner; there we can lie on rose-leaves and lavender, and throw salt in his eyes if he

comes near us."

"No, that will never do," said she, "because I know that the Chinaman and the pot-pourri jar were lovers once, and there always remains behind a feeling of good-will between those who have been so intimate as that. No, there is nothing left for us but to go out into the wide world."

"Have you really courage enough to go out into the wide world with me?" said the chimney-sweep; "have you thought how large it is, and that we can never come back here again?"

"Yes, I have," she replied.

When the chimney-sweep saw that she was quite firm, he said, "My way is through the stove and up the chimney. Have you courage to creep with me through the fire-box, and the iron pipe? When we get to the chimney I shall know how to manage very well. We shall soon climb too high for any one to reach us, and we shall come through a hole in the top out into the wide world." So he led her to the door of the stove.

"It looks very dark," said she; still she went in with him through the stove and through the pipe, where it was as dark as pitch.

"Now we are in the chimney," said he; "and look, there is a beautiful star shining above it." It was a real star shining down upon them as if it would show them the way. So they clambered, and crept on, and a frightful steep place it was; but the chimney-sweep helped her and supported her, till they got higher and higher. He showed her the best places on which to set her little china foot, so at last they reached the top of the chimney, and sat themselves down, for they were very tired, as may be supposed. The sky, with all its stars,

was over their heads, and below were the roofs of the town. They could see for a very long distance out into the wide world, and the poor little shepherdess leaned her head on her chimney-sweep's shoulder, and wept till she washed the gilt off her sash; the world was so different to what she expected. "This is too much," she said; "I cannot bear it, the world is too large. Oh, I wish I were safe back on the table again, under the looking glass; I shall never be happy till I am safe back again. Now I have followed you out into the wide world, you will take me back, if you love me."

Then the chimney-sweep tried to reason with her, and spoke of the old Chinaman, and of the Major-general-field-sergeant-commander Billy-goat's legs; but she sobbed so bitterly, and kissed her little chimney-sweep till he was obliged to do all she asked, foolish as it was. And so, with a great deal of trouble, they climbed down the chimney, and then crept through the pipe and stove, which were certainly not very pleasant places. Then they stood in the dark fire-box, and listened behind the door, to hear what was going on in the room. As it was all quiet, they peeped out. Alas! there lay the old Chinaman on the floor; he had fallen down from the table as he attempted to run after them, and was broken into three pieces; his back had separated entirely, and his head had rolled into a corner of the room. The major-general stood in his old place, and appeared lost in thought.

"This is terrible," said the little shepherdess. "My poor old grandfather is broken to pieces, and it is our fault. I shall never live after this;" and she wrung her little hands.

"He can be riveted," said the chimney-sweep; "he can be riveted. Do not be so hasty. If they cement his back, and put a good rivet in it, he will be as good as new, and be able to say as many disagreeable things to us as ever."

"Do you think so?" said she; and then they climbed up to the table, and stood in their old places.

"As we have done no good," said the chimney-sweep, "we might as well have remained here, instead of taking so much trouble."

"I wish grandfather was riveted," said the shepherdess. "Will it cost much, I wonder?"

And she had her wish. The family had the Chinaman's back mended, and a strong rivet put through his neck; he looked as good as new, but he could no longer nod his head.

"You have become proud since your fall broke you to pieces," said Major-general-field-sergeant-commander Billy-goat's-legs. "You have no reason to give yourself such airs. Am I to have her or not?"

The chimney-sweep and the little shepherdess looked piteously at the old Chinaman, for they were afraid he might nod; but he was not able: besides, it was so tiresome to be always telling strangers he had a rivet in the back of his neck.

And so the little china people remained together, and were glad of the grandfather's rivet, and continued to love each other till they were broken to pieces.

from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Fairy Tales* of Hans Christian Andersen

---

## WHY THE LAMB IS MEEK

Once upon a time there was a little lamb frisking gaily about the pasture. The bright sunshine and the soft breezes made him very happy. He had just finished a hearty meal and that made him happy too. He was the very happiest little lamb in all the world and he thought that he was the most wonderful little lamb.

A big toad sat on the ground and watched him. After a while the toad said: "O, little lamb, how are you feeling today?"

The lamb replied that he had never felt better in all his life.

"Even though you are feeling very strong I can pull you into the sea," said the toad.

The little lamb laughed and laughed until he rolled over on the ground.

"Just take hold of this rope and I'll show you how easy it is to pull you into the sea," said the toad.

The lamb took hold of the rope. Then the toad said, "Please wait a minute while I get a good long distance away from you. I can pull better when I'm not too near you."

The lamb waited and the toad hopped down to the sea. He hopped up into a tree which hung over the water's edge and from there he hopped on to the whale's back. He fastened the end of the rope around the whale

and then he called out to the lamb: "All ready. Now we'll see how hard you can pull."

When the whale felt the lamb pulling at the rope he swam away from the shore. No matter how hard the lamb pulled or how much force he exerted it did not do one bit of good. He was dragged down to the water's edge as easily as could be.

"I give up," said the lamb as he reached the water's edge.

After that, although the sunshine was just as bright as ever, any one who watched that little lamb could see that he was a little more meek.

One day not long afterwards the sunshine was again very bright and the little lamb was again feeling frisky. He was so happy and gay that he had forgotten all about how the toad had pulled him down to the water until the toad spoke to him. Then he remembered.

"O, little lamb, how are you feeling today?" asked the toad. The little lamb replied that he was very well.

"Let us run a race," said the toad, "I think I can beat you."

"You may be strong enough to pull me into the sea," said the lamb, "but surely I can run faster than you. I've watched you hopping about my pasture. You can't run fast at all. However, I'll gladly run a race with you to prove what I say."

The toad set a goal and told the lamb to call out every little while during the race so he could see how much farther ahead the lamb was. Then the toad and the lamb started.

The toad had assembled all his brothers and his sisters and his

cousins and his uncles and his aunts before the race and had stationed them at various points along the path of the race. He had told them that whenever any of them should hear the lamb calling out, "Laculay, laculay, laculay," the toad which was nearest should answer, "Gulugubango, bango lay."

The lamb ran and ran as fast as he could. Then he remembered his promise and called out, "Laculay, laculay, laculay." He expected to hear the toad answer from a long, long distance behind him. He was much surprised to hear some one near him answer, "Gulugubango, bango lay." After that he ran faster than ever.

After running on for some distance farther the lamb again called out, "Laculay, laculay, laculay." Again he heard the answer at only a short distance away, "Gulugubango, bango lay." He ran and ran until his little heart was beating so fast that it seemed as if it would burst. At last he arrived at the goal of the race which the toad had set and there sat the toad's brother who looked so much like him that the lamb couldn't tell them apart. The lamb went back to his pasture very meekly and quietly. He acknowledged that he had been beaten in the race.

The next morning the toad said to him, "Even though you did not run fast enough to win the race, still you are a very fast runner. I have told the daughter of the king about you and I have said to her that some day she shall see me riding on your back with a bridle in your mouth as if you were my horse."

The lamb was very angry. "Perhaps you are strong enough to pull me into the sea, and perhaps you can beat me when we run a race," said the lamb, "but never, never in the world will I be your horse."

Time passed and the sunshine was very bright and the soft, gentle

breezes were very sweet. The lamb was so happy again that he forgot all about how the toad had pulled him into the sea, and how the toad had beaten him at running the race. He was very sorry for the toad when he saw him all humped up in a disconsolate little heap one day. "O, poor toad, are you sick?" he asked. "Isn't there something I can do to help you?"

The toad told him how very sick he was. "There is something you could do to help me," he said, "but I don't believe that you are quite strong enough or can travel quite fast enough."

The lamb took a deep breath and blew out his chest. "I'll show you," he said. "Just tell me what it is."

The toad replied that he had promised to be at a party that afternoon at the house of the king's daughter and he did not see how he could possibly get there unless some one would carry him.

"Jump on my back," said the lamb. "I'll carry you."

The toad shook about on the lamb's back after they had started so that it seemed as if he would surely fall off. After a little he said, "I can not possibly stand riding like this. It jars all my sore spots. I'll have to get off." He tried it a little while longer and shook about worse than ever. Then he said, "Do you know, I think I could endure this painful ride a little better if only I had something to hold myself by? Do you mind if I take a piece of grass and put it in your mouth? I can hold on to that when I shake about and my sore spots will not hurt so much."

The lamb let the toad put a piece of grass in his mouth.

After a while the toad asked for a little stick. "The flies and



mosquitoes annoy me terribly," he said. "If only I had a little stick I could wave it about over my head and frighten them away. It is very bad for any one in my weak, nervous condition to be bothered by flies and mosquitoes." The lamb let the toad have a little stick to wave over his head.

At last the lamb and the toad drew near to the palace of the king. The king's daughter was leaning out of the window watching for them. The toad dug his feet into the lamb's sides, pulled hard on the piece of the grass in the lamb's mouth and waved the little stick about over the lamb's head. "Go on, horse," he said and the king's daughter heard him. She laughed and laughed, and when all the rest of the people in the palace saw the toad arriving mounted on the lamb's back and driving him like a horse they laughed too. The lamb went meekly home to his pasture and from that day to this when one wishes to speak of meekness one says "as meek as a lamb."

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Fairy Tales from Brazil*, by Elsie Spicer Eells

---

*Little Blue Anew Fairytales is a Creative Commons Non-Commercial  
Copyrighted project by Matt Pierard, 2020*